

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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IS HE POPENJOY?

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXVIII. "WHAT MATTER IF SHE DOES?"

ABOUT noon on the day after the occurrences related in the last chapter, Lady George owned to herself that she was a most unfortunate young woman. Her husband had gone out, and she had not as yet told him anything of what that odious Augusta Mildmay had said to her. She had made various little attempts, but had not known how to go on with them. She had begun by giving him her history of the baroness, and he had scolded her for giving the woman a sovereign, and for taking the woman about London in her carriage. It is very difficult to ask in a fitting way for the sympathies and co-operation of one who is scolding you. And Mary in this matter wanted almost more than sympathy and co-operation. Nothing short of the fullest manifestation of affectionate confidence would suffice to comfort her; and, desiring this, she had been afraid to mention Captain De Baron's name. She thought of the waltzing, thought of Susanna, and was cowardly. So the time slipped away from her, and, when he left her on the following morning, her story had not been told. He was no sooner gone than she felt that if it were to be told at all it should have been told at once.

Was it possible that that venomous girl should really go to her husband with such a complaint? She knew well enough, or at any rate thought that she knew, that there had never been an engagement between the girl and Jack De Baron. She

had heard it all over and over again from Adelaide Houghton, and had even herself been present at some joke on the subject between Adelaide and Jack. There was an idea that Jack was being pursued, and Mrs. Houghton had not scrupled to speak of it before him. Mary had not admired her friend's taste, and had on such occasions thought well of Jack because he had simply disowned any consciousness of such a state of things. But all this had made Mary sure that there was not, and that there never had been, any engagement; and yet the wretched woman, in her futile and frantic endeavours to force the man to marry her, was not ashamed to make so gross an attack as this!

If it hadn't been for Lady Susanna and those wretched fortune-telling cards, and that one last waltz, there would be nothing in it; but, as it was, there might be so much! She had begun to fear that her husband's mind was suspicious—that he was prone to believe that things were going badly. Before her marriage, when she had in truth known Lord George not at all, her father had given her some counsels in his light airy way, which, however, had sunk deep into her mind, and which she had endeavoured to follow to the letter. He had said not a word to her as to her conduct to other men. It would not be natural that a father should do so. But he had told her how to behave to her husband. Men, he had assured her, were to be won by such comforts as he described. A wife should provide that a man's dinner was such as he liked to eat, his bed such as he liked to lie on, his clothes arranged as he liked to wear them, and the household hours fixed to suit his convenience. She should learn and indulge his habits, should

suit herself to him in external things of life, and could thus win from him a liking and a reverence which would wear better than the feeling generally called love, and would at last give the woman her proper influence. The dean had meant to teach his child how she was to rule her husband, but of course had been too wise to speak of dominion. Mary, declaring to herself that the feeling generally called love should exist as well as the liking and the reverence, had laboured hard to win it all from her husband in accordance with her father's teaching; but it had seemed to her that her labour was wasted. Lord George did not in the least care what he eat. He evidently had no opinion at all about the bed; and as to his clothes, seemed to receive no accession of comfort by having one wife and her maid, instead of three sisters and their maid and old Mrs. Toff to look after them. He had no habits which she could indulge. She had looked about for the weak point in his armour, but had not found it. It seemed to her that she had no influence over him whatever. She was of course aware that they lived upon her fortune; but she was aware also that he knew that it was so, and that the consciousness made him unhappy. She could not, therefore, even endeavour to minister to his comfort by surrounding him with pretty things. All expenditure was grievous to him. The only matter in which she had failed to give way to any expressed wish had been in that important matter of their town residence; and, as to that, she had in fact had no power of yielding. It had been of such moment as to have been settled for her by previous contract. But, she had often thought, whether in her endeavour to force herself to be in love with him, she would not persistently demand that Munster Court should be abandoned, and that all the pleasures of her own life should be sacrificed.

Now, for a day or two, she heartily wished that she had done so. She liked her house; she liked her brougham; she liked the gaieties of her life; and in a certain way she liked Jack De Baron; but they were all to her as nothing when compared to her duty, and her sense of the obligations which she owed to her husband. Playful and childish as she was, all this was very serious to her; perhaps the more serious because she was playful and childish. She had not experience enough to know how small some things are, and how few

are the evils which cannot be surmounted. It seemed to her that if Miss Mildmay were at this moment to bring the horrid charge against her, it might too probably lead to the crash of ruin and the horrors of despair. And yet, through it all, she had a proud feeling of her own innocence, and a consciousness that she would speak out very loudly should her husband hint to her that he believed the accusation.

Her father would now be in London in a day or two, and on this occasion would again be staying in Munster Court. At last she made up her mind that she would tell everything to him. It was not, perhaps, the wisest resolution to which she could have come. A married woman should not usually teach herself to lean on her parents instead of her husband, and certainly not on her father. It is in this way that divided households are made. But she had no other real friend of whom she could ask a question. She liked Mrs. Houghton, but, as to such a matter as this, distrusted her altogether. She liked Miss Houghton, her friend's aunt, but did not know her well enough for such service as this. She had neither brother nor sister of her own, and her husband's brother and sisters were certainly out of the question. Old Mrs. Montacute Jones had taken a great fancy to her, and she almost thought that she could have asked Mrs. Jones for advice; but she had no connection with Mrs. Jones, and did not dare to do it. Therefore she resolved to tell everything to her father.

On the evening before her father came to town there was another ball at Mrs. Montacute Jones's. This old lady, who had no one belonging to her but an invisible old husband, was the gayest of the gay among the gay people of London. On this occasion Mary was to have gone with Lady Brabazon, who was related to the Germains, and Lord George had arranged an escape for himself. They were to dine out together, and when she went to her ball he would go to bed. But in the course of the afternoon she told him that she was writing to Lady Brabazon to decline. "Why won't you go?" said he.

"I don't care about it."

"If you mean that you won't go without me, of course I will go."

"It isn't that exactly. Of course it is nicer if you go; though I wouldn't take you if you don't like it. But——"

"But what, dear?"

"I think I'd rather not to-night. I don't

know that I am quite strong enough." Then he didn't say another word to press her—only begging that she would not go to the dinner either if she were not well. But she was quite well, and she did go to the dinner.

Again she had meant to tell him why she would not go to Mrs. Jones's ball, but had been unable. Jack De Baron would be there, and would want to know why she would not waltz. And Adelaide Houghton would tease her about it, very likely before him. She had always waltzed with him, and could not now refuse without some reason. So she gave up her ball, sending word to say that she was not very well. "I shouldn't at all wonder if he has kept her at home because he's afraid of you," said Mrs. Houghton to her cousin.

Late in the following afternoon, before her husband had come home from his club, she told her father the whole story of her interview with Miss Mildmay. "What a tigress," he said, when he had heard it. "I have heard of women like that before, but I have never believed in them."

"You don't think she will tell him?"

"What matter if she does? What astonishes me most is that a woman should be so unwomanly as to fight for a man in such a way as that. It is the sort of thing that men used to do. 'You must give up your claim to that lady, or else you must fight me.' Now she comes forward and says that she will fight you."

"But, papa, I have no claim."

"Nor probably has she."

"No; I'm sure she has not. But what does that matter? The horrid thing is that she should say all this to me. I told her that she couldn't know that I was married."

"She merely wanted to make herself disagreeable. If one comes across disagreeable people one has to bear with it. I suppose she was jealous. She had seen you dancing or perhaps talking with the man."

"Oh yes."

"And in her anger she wanted to fly at someone."

"It is not her I care about, papa."

"What then?"

"If she were to tell George."

"What if she did? You do not mean to say that he would believe her? You do not think that he is jealous?"

She began to perceive that she could not get any available counsel from her father unless she could tell him everything.

She must explain to him what evil Lady Susanna had already done; how her sister-in-law had acted as duenna, and had dared to express a suspicion about this very man. And she must tell him that Lord George had desired her not to waltz, and had done so, as she believed, because he had seen her waltzing with Jack De Baron. But all this seemed to her to be impossible. There was nothing which she would not be glad that he knew, if only he could be made to know it all truly. But she did not think that she could tell him what had really happened; and were she to do so, there would be horrid doubts on his mind. "You do not mean to say that he is given to that sort of thing?" asked the dean again, with a look of anger.

"Oh no—at least I hope not. Susanna did try to make mischief."

"The d—— she did," said the dean.

Mary almost jumped in her chair, she was so much startled by such a word from her father's mouth. "If he's fool enough to listen to that old cat, he'll make himself a miserable and a contemptible man. Did she say anything to him about this very man?"

"She said something very unpleasant to me, and of course I told George."

"Well?"

"He was all that was kind. He declared that he had no objection to make to Captain De Baron at all. I am sure there was no reason why he should."

"Tush!" exclaimed the dean, as though any assurance or even any notice of the matter in that direction was quite unnecessary. "And there was an end of that?"

"I think he is a little inclined to be—to be——"

"To be what? You had better tell it all out, Mary."

"Perhaps what you would call strict. He told me not to waltz any more the other day."

"He's a fool," said the dean angrily.

"Oh no, papa; don't say that! Of course he has a right to think as he likes; and of course I am bound to do as he says."

"He has no experience, no knowledge of the world. Perhaps one of the last things which a man learns is to understand innocence when he sees it." The word "innocence" was so pleasant to her that she put out her hand and touched his knee. "Take no notice of what that angry woman said to you. Above all, do not

drop your acquaintance with this gentleman. You should be too proud to be influenced in any way by such scandal."

"But if she were to speak to George?"

"She will hardly dare. But if she does, that is no affair of yours. You can have nothing to do with it till he shall speak to you."

"You would not tell him?"

"No; I should not even think about it. She is below your notice. If it should be the case that she dares to speak to him, and that he should be weak enough to be moved by what such a creature can say to him, you will, I am sure, have dignity enough to hold your own with him. Tell him that you think too much of his honour as well as of your own to make it necessary for him to trouble himself. But he will know that himself, and if he does speak to you, he will speak only in pity for her." All this he said slowly and seriously, looking as she had sometimes seen him look when preaching in the cathedral. And she believed him now as she always believed him then, and was in a great measure comforted.

But she could not but be surprised that her father should so absolutely refuse to entertain the idea that any intimacy between herself and Captain De Baron should be injurious. It gratified her that it should be so, but nevertheless she was surprised. She had endeavoured to examine the question by her own lights, but had failed in answering it. She knew well enough that she liked the man. She had discovered in him the realisation of those early dreams. His society was in every respect pleasant to her. He was full of playfulness, and yet always gentle. He was not very clever, but clever enough. She had made the mistake in life—or rather, others had made it for her—of taking herself too soon from her playthings, and devoting herself to the stern reality of a husband. She understood something of this, and liked to think that she might amuse herself innocently with such a one as Jack De Baron. She was sure that she did not love him, that there was no danger of her loving him; and she was quite confident also that he did not love her. But yet—yet there had been a doubt on her mind. Innocent as it all was, there might be cause of offence to her husband. It was this thought that had made her sometimes long to be taken away from London, and be immured amidst the dulness of Cross Hall. But of

such dangers and of such fears her father saw nothing. Her father simply bade her to maintain her own dignity and have her own way. Perhaps her father was right.

On the next day the dean and his son-in-law went, according to appointment, to Mr. Battle. Mr. Battle received them with his usual bland courtesy, and listened attentively to whatever the two gentlemen had to say. Lawyers who know their business always allow their clients to run out their stories, even when knowing that the words so spoken are wasted words. It is the quickest way of arriving at their desired result. Lord George had a good deal to say, because his mind was full of the conviction that he would not for worlds put an obstacle in the way of his brother's heir, if he could be made sure that the child was the heir. He wished for such certainly, and cursed the heavy chance that had laid so grievous a duty on his shoulders.

When he had done, Mr. Battle began.

"I think, Lord George, that I have learned most of the particulars."

Lord George started back in his chair.

"What particulars?" said the dean.

"The marchioness's late husband—for she doubtless is his lordship's wife—was a lunatic."

"A lunatic!" said Lord George.

"We do not quite know when he died, but we believe it was about a month or two before the date at which his lordship wrote home to say that he was about to be married."

"Then that child cannot be Lord Popenjoy," said the dean, with exultation.

"That's going a little too fast, Mr. Dean. There may have been a divorce."

"There is no such thing in Roman Catholic countries," said the dean. "Certainly not in Italy."

"I do not quite know," said the lawyer.

"Of course we are as yet very much in the dark. I should not wonder if we found that there had been two marriages. All this is what we have got to find out. The lady certainly lived in great intimacy with your brother before her first husband died."

"How do you know anything about it?" asked Lord George.

"I happened to have heard the name of the Marchese Luigi, and I knew where to apply for information."

"We did not mean that any inquiry should be made so suddenly," said Lord George angrily.

"It was for the best," said the dean.

"Certainly for the best," said the unruffled lawyer. "I would now recommend that I may be commissioned to send out my own confidential clerk to learn all the circumstances of the case; and that I should inform Mr. Stokes that I am going to do so, on your instructions, Lord George." Lord George shivered. "I think we should even offer to give his lordship time to send an agent with my clerk if he pleases to do so, or to send one separately at the same time, or to take any other step that he may please. It is clearly your duty, my lord, to have the enquiry made."

"Your manifest duty," said the dean, unable to restrain his triumph.

Lord George pleaded for delay, and before he left the lawyer's chambers almost quarrelled with his father-in-law; but before he did leave them he had given the necessary instructions.

CHAPTER XXIX. MR. HOUGHTON WANTS A GLASS OF SHERRY.

LORD GEORGE, when he got out of the lawyer's office with his father-in-law, expressed himself as being very angry at what had been done. While discussing the matter within, in the presence of Mr. Battle, he had been unable to withstand the united energies of the dean and the lawyer; but, nevertheless, even while he had yielded, he had felt that he was being driven.

"I don't think he was at all justified in making any enquiry," he said, as soon as he found himself in the square.

"My dear George," replied the dean, "the quicker this can be done the better."

"An agent should only act in accordance with his instructions."

"Without disputing that, my dear fellow, I cannot but say that I am glad to have learned so much."

"And I am very sorry."

"We both mean the same thing, George."

"I don't think we do," said Lord George, who was determined to be angry.

"You are sorry that it should be so, and so am I." The triumph which had sat in the dean's eye when he heard the news in the lawyer's chambers almost belied this latter assertion. "But I certainly am glad to be on the track as soon as possible, if there is a track which it is our duty to follow."

"I didn't like that man at all," said Lord George.

"I neither like him nor dislike him; but I believe him to be honest, and I know him to be clever. He will find out the truth for us."

"And when it turns out that Brotherton was legally married to the woman, what will the world think of me then?"

"The world will think that you have done your duty. There can be no question about it, George. Whether it be agreeable or disagreeable, it must be done. Could you have brought yourself to have thrown the burden of doing this upon your own child, perhaps some five-and-twenty years hence, when it may be done so much easier now by yourself?"

"I have no child," said Lord George.

"But you will have." The dean, as he said this, could not keep himself from looking too closely into his son-in-law's face. He was most anxious for the birth of that grandson who was to be made a marquis by his own energies.

"God knows. Who can say?"

"At any rate there is that child at Manor Cross. If he be not the legitimate heir, is it not better for him that the matter should be settled now than when he may have lived twenty years in expectation of the title and property?" The dean said much more than this, urging the propriety of what had been done, but he did not succeed in quieting Lord George's mind.

That same day the dean told the whole story to his daughter, perhaps, in his eagerness, adding something to what he had heard from the lawyer. "Divorces in Roman Catholic countries," he said, "are quite impossible. I believe they are never granted, except for State purposes. There may be some new civil law, but I don't think it; and then, if the man was an acknowledged lunatic, it must have been impossible."

"But how could the marquis be so foolish, papa?"

"Ah, that is what we do not understand. But it will come out. You may be sure it will all come out. Why did he come home to England and bring them with him? And why just at this time? Why did he not communicate his first marriage; and if not that, why the second? He probably did not intend at first to put his child forward as Lord Popenjoy, but has become subsequently bold. The woman, perhaps, has gradually learned the facts, and insisted on making the claim for her child. She may gradually have become stronger than

he. He may have thought that by coming here and declaring the boy to be his heir, he would put down suspicion by the very boldness of his assertion. Who can say? But these are the facts, and they are sufficient to justify us in demanding that everything shall be brought to light." Then, for the first time, he asked her what immediate hope there was that Lord George might have an heir. She tried to laugh, then blushed; then wept a tear or two, and muttered something which he failed to hear. "There is time enough for all that, Mary," he said, with his pleasantest smile, and then left her.

Lord George did not return home till late in the afternoon. He went first to Mrs. Houghton's house, and told her nearly everything. But he told it in such a way, as to make her understand that his strongest feeling at the present moment was one of anger against the dean.

"Of course, George," she said, for she always called him George now, "the dean will try to have it all his own way."

"I am almost sorry that I ever mentioned my brother's name to him."

"She, I suppose, is ambitious," said Mrs. Houghton. "She" was intended to signify Mary.

"No. To do Mary justice, it is not her fault. I don't think she cares for it."

"I daresay she would like to be a marchioness as well as anyone else. I know I should."

"You might have been," he said, looking tenderly into her face.

"I wonder how I should have borne all this. You say that she is indifferent. I should have been so anxious on your behalf, to see you installed in your rights!"

"I have no rights. There is my brother."

"Yes; but as the heir. She has none of the feeling about you that I have, George." Then she put out her hand to him, which he took and held. "I begin to think that I was wrong. I begin to know that I was wrong. We could have lived at any rate."

"It is too late," he said, still holding her hand.

"Yes, it is too late. I wonder whether you will ever understand the sort of struggle which I had to go through, and the feeling of duty which overcame me at last. Where should we have lived?"

"At Cross Hall, I suppose."

"And if there had been children, how should we have brought them up?" She did not blush as she asked the question,

but he did. "And yet I wish that I had been braver. I think I should have suited you better than she."

"She is as good as gold," he said, moved by a certain loyalty which, though it was not sufficient absolutely to protect her from wrong, was too strong to endure to hear her reproached.

"Do not tell me of her goodness," said Mrs. Houghton, jumping up from her seat. "I do not want to hear of her goodness. Tell me of my goodness. Does she love you as I do? Does she make you the hero of her thoughts? She has no idea of any hero. She would think more of Jack De Baron whirling round the room with her than of your position in the world, or of his, or even of her own." He winced visibly when he heard Jack De Baron's name. "You need not be afraid," she continued, "for though she is, as you say, as good as gold, she knows nothing about love. She took you when you came, because it suited the ambition of the dean, as she would have taken anything else that he provided for her."

"I believe she loves me," he said, having in his heart of hearts, at the moment, much more solicitude in regard to his absent wife than to the woman who was close to his feet, and was flattering him to the top of his bent.

"And her love, such as it is, is sufficient for you?"

"She is my wife."

"Yes; because I allowed it; because I thought it wrong to subject your future life to the poverty which I should have brought with me. Do you think there was no sacrifice then?"

"But, Adelaide; it is so."

"Yes, it is so. But what does it all mean? The time is gone by when men, or women either, were too qualmish and too queasy to admit the truth even to themselves. Of course you are married, and so am I; but marriage does not alter the heart. I did not cease to love you because I would not marry you. You could not cease to love me merely because I refused you. When I acknowledged to myself that Mr. Houghton's income was necessary to me, I did not become enamoured of him. Nor, I suppose, did you when you found the same as to Miss Lovelace's money."

Upon this he also jumped up from his seat, and stood before her. "I will not have even you say that I married my wife for her money."

"How was it then, George? I am not blaming you for doing what I did as well as you."

"I should blame myself. I should feel myself to be degraded."

"Why so? It seems to me that I am bolder than you. I can look the cruelties of the world in the face, and declare openly how I will meet them. I did marry Mr. Houghton for his money, and of course he knew it. Is it to be supposed that he or any human being could have thought that I married him for love? I make his house comfortable for him as far as I can, and am civil to his friends, and look my best at his table. I hope he is satisfied with his bargain; but I cannot do more. I cannot wear him in my heart. Nor, George, do I believe that you in your heart can ever wear Mary Lovelace!" But he did, only that he thought that he had space there for two, and that in giving habitation to this second love he was adding at any rate to the excitements of his life. "Tell me, George," said the woman, laying her hand upon his breast, "is it she or I that have a home there?"

"I will not say that I do not love my wife," he said.

"No; you are afraid. The formalities of the world are so much more to you than to me! Sit down, George. Oh, George!" Then she was on her knees at his feet, hiding her face upon her hands, while his arms were almost necessarily thrown over her and embracing her. The lady was convulsed with sobs, and he was thinking how it would be with him and her, should the door be opened and some pair of eyes see them as they were. But her ears were sharp in spite of her sobs. There was the fall of a foot on the stairs which she heard long before it reached him, and, in a moment, she was in her chair. He looked at her, and there was no trace of a tear. "It's Houghton," she said, putting her finger up to her mouth with almost a comic gesture. There was a smile in her eyes, and a little mockery of fear in the trembling of her hand and the motion of her lips. To him it seemed to be tragic enough. He had to assume to this gentleman whom he had been injuring a cordial friendly manner, and thus to lie to him. He had to make pretences, and at a moment's notice to feign himself something very different from what he was. Had the man come a little more quickly, had the husband caught him with the wife at his knees,

nothing could have saved him and his own wife from utter misery. So he felt it to be, and the feeling almost overwhelmed him. His heart palpitated with emotion as the wronged husband's hand was on the door. She, the while, was as thoroughly composed as a stage heroine. But she had flattered him and pretended to love him, and it did not occur to him that he ought to be angry with her. "Who would ever think of seeing you at this time of day!" said Mrs. Houghton.

"Well, no; I'm going back to the club in a few minutes. I had to come up to Piccadilly to have my hair cut!"

"Your hair cut!"

"Honour bright! Nothing upsets me so much as having my hair cut. I'm going to ring for a glass of sherry. By-the-bye, Lord George, a good many of them are talking at the club about young Popenjoy."

"What are they saying?" Lord George felt that he must open his mouth, but did not wish to talk to this man, and especially did not wish to talk about his own affairs.

"Of course I know nothing about it; but surely the way Brotherton has come back is very odd. I used to be very fond of your brother, you know. There was nobody her father used to swear by so much as him. But, by George, I don't know what to make of it now. Nobody has seen the marchioness!"

"I have not seen her," said Lord George; "but she is there all the same for that."

"Nobody doubts that she's there. She's there, safe enough. And the boy is there too. We're all quite sure of that. But you know the Marquis of Brotherton is somebody."

"I hope so," said Lord George.

"And when he brings his wife home people will expect—will expect to know something about it—eh?" All this was said with an intention of taking Lord George's part in a question which was already becoming one of interest to the public. It was hinted here and there that there was "a screw loose" about this young Popenjoy, who had just been brought from Italy, and that Lord George would have to look to it. Of course they who were connected with Brothershire were more prone to talk of it than others, and Mr. Houghton, who had heard and said a good deal about it, thought that he was only being civil to Lord George in seeming to take part against the marquis.

But Lord George felt it to be matter of offence that any outsider should venture to talk about his family. "If people would only confine themselves to subjects with which they are acquainted, it would be very much better," he said; and then almost immediately took his leave.

"That's all regular nonsense, you know," Mr. Houghton said as soon as he was alone with his wife. "Of course people are talking about it. Your father says that Brotherton must be mad."

"That's no reason why you should come and tell Lord George what people say. You never have any tact."

"Of course I'm wrong; I always am," said the husband, swallowing his glass of sherry, and then taking his departure.

Lord George was now in a very uneasy state of mind. He intended to be cautious—had intended even to be virtuous and self-denying—and yet, in spite of his intentions, he had fallen into such a condition of things with Mr. Houghton's wife, that, were the truth to be known, he would be open to most injurious proceedings. To him the love affair with another man's wife was more embarrassing even than pleasant. Its charm did not suffice to lighten for him the burden of the wickedness. He had certain inklings of complaint in his own mind against his own wife, but he felt that his own hands should be perfectly clean before he could deal with those inklings magisterially and maritally. How would he look were she to turn upon him and ask him as to his conduct with Adelaide Houghton? And then into what a sea of trouble had he not already fallen in this matter of his brother's marriage? His first immediate duty was that of writing to his elder sister, and he expressed himself to her in strong language. After telling her all that he had heard from the lawyer, he spoke of himself and of the dean. "It will make me very unhappy," he wrote. "Do you remember what Hamlet says:

"O, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

I feel like that altogether. I want to get nothing by it. No man ever less begrudged to his elder brother than I do all that belongs to him. Though he has himself treated me badly, I would support him in anything for the sake of the family. At this moment I most heartily wish that the child may be Lord Popenjoy. The matter will destroy all my happiness perhaps for the next ten years—perhaps for ever. And

I cannot but think that the dean has interfered in the most unjustifiable manner. He drives me on, so that I almost feel that I shall be forced to quarrel with him. With him it is manifestly personal ambition, and not duty." There was much more of it in the same strain, but at the same time an acknowledgment that he had now instructed the dean's lawyer to make the enquiry.

Lady Sarah's answer was perhaps more judicious; and as it was shorter it shall be given entire:

"Cross Hall, May 10, 187—.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—Of course it is a sad thing to us all that this terrible enquiry should be forced upon us; and more grievous to you than to us, as you must take the active part in it. But this is a manifest duty, and duties are seldom altogether pleasant. All that you say as to yourself—which I know to be absolutely true—must at any rate make your conscience clear in the matter. It is not for your sake nor for our sake that this is to be done, but for the sake of the family at large, and to prevent the necessity of future lawsuits, which would be ruinous to the property. If the child be legitimate, let that, in God's name, be proclaimed so loud that no one shall hereafter be able to cast a doubt upon the fact. To us it must be matter of deepest sorrow that our brother's child and the future head of our family should have been born under circumstances which, at the best, must still be disgraceful. But, although that is so, it will be equally our duty to acknowledge his rights to the full, if they be his rights. Though the son of the widow of a lunatic foreigner, still if the law says that he is Brotherton's heir, it is for us to render the difficulties in his way as light as possible. But that we may do so, we must know what he is.

"Of course you find the dean to be pushing and perhaps a little vulgar. No doubt with him the chief feeling is one of personal ambition; but in his way he is wise, and I do not know that in this matter he has done anything which had better have been left undone. He believes that the child is not legitimate; and so in my heart do I.

"You must remember that my dear mother is altogether on Brotherton's side. The feeling that there should be an heir is so much to her, and the certainty that the boy is at any rate her grandson, that she cannot endure that a doubt should be

expressed. Of course this does not tend to make our life pleasant down here. Poor dear mamma! Of course we do all we can to comfort her.—Your affectionate sister,
SARAH GERMAIN."

WITH THE GLOVES ON.

"FRIEND, I am averse to fighting, but if thou wouldst hit that little man in the blue coat, thou must shoot higher." This remark of a certain Quaker at a certain siege, has always seemed to me to contain more sound advice and worldly wisdom than most sentences that have been handed orally down. That war is utterly monstrous and abominable we are all of us agreed, but, nathless, we are always wishing to hit a hypothetical little man in a blue coat, and are for ever shooting higher. That war is brutal, idiotic, and illogical, is generally admitted; but from the day of the first fraternal strife, down to the time when it seemed advisable to the Czar of All the Russias to forcibly show his brother, the Sultan, the beauties of Christianity, the hitting of the little man in a blue coat has been mankind's chief object. As with the wholes, so with the parts. When M. Hippolyte, of the Soir, is offended with M. Paul, of the Jour, they go out with their friends, and good-humour and peace are not restored until certain flesh wounds have been obtained at the points of needle-like foils. Max believes himself to have been insulted by Carl over last night's beer, and they hie them to a spot conveniently near their university, and war is proclaimed, until Carl's nose is amputated, or Max's ear deprived of its lobe. Mrs. Moriarty is annoyed at the insinuations on her ancestry, made by Mrs. O'Phelim of the other side of the court; and straightway proceeds with a cobble-stone in the foot of her worsted stocking, or failing that grand implement of guerilla warfare, with a shovel, to give her abusive neighbour a piece of her mind. And when Masters Brown and Jones can no longer pass one another without indulging in acrimonious chaff, they at once set to disfiguring each other with their fists. In every case, from the sovereign ruler of millions down to an Irish charwoman, from a Silesian baron to a shock-headed school-boy, the little man in the blue coat has to be attacked, destroyed, and annihilated.

There are one or two points in which this great country has long prided itself, but in which our overweening faith has

been of late somewhat shaken. Turn back some quarter of a century, and one of our favourite stalking-horses was our commercial honesty. Recent disclosures, relative to that part of London which used to lie east of Temple Bar, have, so to speak, "scratched" that horse from the race of national boasting; and "the sterling integrity of the British merchant" is now a phrase only met with in very old-fashioned circles, or used by the editors of very provincial papers, desirous of attracting Mr. Carnifex, the local butcher, or Mr. Sutor, the village bootmaker, from advertising in the opposition journal. Our manliness, hardihood, and pluck have long been great subjects for our self-praise, and one would think, judging from the panegyrics which greet the fact of some dozen notoriety-seeking youths swimming in the Serpentine on Christmas morning, that they were the lineal descendants of the three hundred of Thermopylæ. But certain Americans have swum long swims, and have walked long walks; Creedmoor has shown us that we are not the only rifle-shots in the world; and Australia has proved that as good cricket can be played at the Antipodes, as at Lord's or the Oval. What would turf men of fifty years back have said, on being told that their children would see the great races of the year won by French horses, American and Austrian steeds running as first favourites at Newmarket and Doncaster, and one of our richest handicaps falling three times in five years to our Gallic neighbours? We had, perhaps, better not go into this question, as former turfites had a way of expressing their opinions, less according to the manner of to-day's society, than to the creed of St. Athanasius. We have but one thing left to boast of—our English love for fair-play; and alas, that is going! That a Spaniard will stab you in the dark; that a Frenchman will shoot at you round a corner; that an Italian, German, Greek, or Russian will draw a knife; and that an American will out with a revolver at a second's notice, have been no less articles of national faith, than that an Anglo-Saxon will despise all aid in a row, save that his own honest fists provide him with. But if you enter into conversation with Constable X., or have the pleasure of being on intimate terms with a police-court magistrate, or one of Her Majesty's judges, ask any of those officials if they know of a single case in which the fair-playing Anglo-Saxon did not employ any weapon he could get hold

of. Such good use have they learnt to make of their clogs in Lancashire, that a new name has had to be invented for the game, namely, "purring;" and a very pleasant pastime it is for the "purrers;" but for the person who is on the ground, and is being kicked, danced, and trampled upon by half-a-dozen comrades in hobnail boots, the sport is monotonous, and after a time, unexciting. And you have only to study the police reports, or spend a morning with Mr. Flowers in Bow Street, to learn that no Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman has the self-denial to refuse an alliance, at once offensive and defensive, with a knife, poker, pewter-pot, or anything, in fact, that may come handy.

The reasons for this change are variously stated; but there is a strong and growing opinion amongst certain classes, that this abandonment of the good old custom of settling family matters by the aid of the simple fists is in great regard due to the abandonment of the prize-ring. Now, the prize-ring is as dead as John Doe and Richard Roe, as Exeter Change, as St. Giles's Rookery, as Julius Cæsar; and one would as soon have these worthies revived as see the prize-ring flourishing again. It lived long and died hard; but die it did, and with little hope of resurrection. Badger-baiting, cock-fighting, and ratting have all fallen from their pride of place, and attempts at one or the other are met with fine and imprisonment. These pleasing sports have left no successor, unless it be "the tournament of doves;" to the prize-fight, however, has succeeded a bastard inheritor, and it may be asked whether fighting, as now legally practised, is so very great an improvement on that ring which we all recognise as brutal and revolting.

The prize-fight of former days was, if not the sport of kings, at least the amusement of many of the royal blood—of those nearest the throne. Very great people, indeed, of the peerage were not ashamed of watching the Whitechapel Slasher maul Black Tom, and cabinet ministers affected little incognito at the scene. Moreover, when the gentlemen of Cheshire had discovered a stalwart agricultural labourer, who seemed handy with his fists, or the gentlemen of Sussex had unearthed a yokel with a country-fair reputation of being a smart bruiser, then clannishness came into play, and the county magnates, from the highest to the lowest, put down their money strongly on their ap-

pointed champion. The men were kept in fresh air, and possibly received more than merely physical lessons by their absence from reeking pothouses and squalid lodgings, by their restraint from alcohol and worse. They fought under the sky, on green sward, and by daylight. How is it done now?

Let us turn into this well-known tavern to-night at about ten o'clock. There is nothing special on, not one of those advertised glove-fights, of which we have heard considerably too much of late. Let us pass through the swing-doors. Yes, you are quite right, my friend, to button up your coat; you would have done better had you left your watch at home—and here we are at the bar. You see the character of the house at once by the pictorial decorations. Picture, highly coloured, of Deerfoot running the maximum of miles, in the minimum of minutes; picture of various gentlemen—clothed in caps and handkerchiefs—ostensibly, to judge from their cast of features and enormous hurry, escaping from prison: in reality finishing in the celebrated Sheffield Handicap, run on Easter Monday, 1857; portrait of the late Mr. Thomas Sayers at Farnborough, 1860; portraits of Lord Clifden, Doncaster, and Blair Athol; pictures of other men winning other races; portraits of other celebrated fighters; portraits of more Derby horses; a few stuffed birds; and a glass-case containing the wiry figure of Tommy, "a little dawg," rather superior in the rat-pit to Dick Whittington's feline treasure—and the ornaments are exhausted. When you have become accustomed to the glare of the gas, the oaths, and the shrieking, the fumes of the gin and tobacco, and have left off wondering what are the chances that any of the fists that are being playfully struck out will reach your head, you will, if of an observant character, look round at your companions. What do you suppose would be the result, barring personal violence, of offering the company the good old advice to follow their noses? The burly young fellow sitting on the foot of the narrow staircase would infallibly turn sharply to the right; and as certainly would the middle-aged man who, inspired by Geneva, is carolling a music-hall ditty, execute the military manoeuvre known as "left wheel;" others would go through the floor, and that very dilapidated youth would ascend, which, in truth, he has been doing—although we don't mention it among friends—for the last three months,

on "the endless wheel" at the Middlesex House of Correction. These warriors are all very affable, and, being told by your conductor that you are his personal friend, have no hesitation in shaking your hand, or prompting you to hospitality. Suppose we go up the rickety stairs, for which privilege we pay a small sum, and enter the arena. It is a room, provided with chairs and benches, about the size of an ordinary middle-class drawing-room, divided into two parts by a couple of taut ropes, which enclose a space of about eight feet square. We, being of aristocratic tastes and purses, dive under these ropes and take our seats with the select.

James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland was not a king for whom either contemporaries or successors have felt the slightest amount of respect; but not his worst enemies, not even Sir Walter Raleigh himself, would have wished him a worse fate than the inhaling of the tobacco-laden air with which this house seems crammed. After an hour of it one could forgive the monarch his Counter-blast to the divine weed. As the ring is now empty, look round a bit. The stout burly farmer on your right, who generously offers you a pull out of an enormous pewter his party keeps passing round, attracts you by his frank and open face. You do not remember having seen him before? Look at his companion, the flashy over-dressed man, who might be the offspring of Jingle and Charley Bates' sister, and imbued with an idea that Fagin was rather an ill-treated old gentleman. Not yet? Look at his other friend—not quite so flash as number one, but evidently cast in the same mould. Now you know. The farmer is the gentleman who will have a little bit of gambling; his second friend is the astute gentleman who turns up the corner of the card; and if you will search the middle man—the "faker," to give him his technical rank—and do not find three cards in his pockets, put me in the ring with my hands tied, and give "the Blocker"—a youth so called by his affectionate friends in tribute to his hard-hitting powers—directions to let into me. The gentlemen on your left, with the very heavy watch-chains and the very large diamonds, should be noblemen; as it is, they are sporting publicans—terrible fellows, who drive blood-mares on Sundays in very high dog-carts, and spend what would be a comfortable income for you or me in obtaining impartial evidence

from the neighbouring police, as to the excellent manner in which their houses are kept. Even the Licensing Act has its faults. As for the great unwashed, the crowd opposite to you, you know them at once. Sallow, stunted, with their leering eyes, straight greasy hair, and battered hats, they are the youths who take care of country farmers' purses when up for the Cattle Show, look after frightened old ladies' reticules in the neighbourhood of the Bank; who, indeed, not to put too fine a point upon it, are thieves. A master of the ceremonies, in answer to much scraping of feet and shrill whistling, announces that two novices will amuse the company, and accordingly two ungainly louts enter the ring in their shirt-sleeves, and, having donned the gloves, shake hands and set to. The combatants are, however, frightened of one another, are awkward and clumsy in their movements, and in a very few minutes—amidst derisive cries of "Go to school," "Why don't you take lessings from your mother?"—clear out, quite unabashed, and calmly contemptuous of their failure. There is another wait, during which, at the request of the farmer, you repay his former hospitality by "standing a pot," and applause shows the announcement that "The one-eyed butcher-boy" is going to appear is highly satisfactory. A gentleman behind you, with a voice deep and thick with London gin and metropolitan fog, says that "the Blocker thinks he'll make summat of the butcher." We are not in luck, however, to-night, for the butcher has been making something of himself, and is considerably more than three parts drunk. Unto him does "the Blocker" administer severe chastisement, which is received with a vacuous grin and a self-satisfied leer that arouse the wrath of the butcher's former friends, and he disappears a disgraced man. The rest of the entertainment is very similar, being only varied by the appearance of a few professionals, who are very idle in the ring, and very busy when coming round with a glove for small coins. The "faker"—or the head of the three-card trick contingent—however, gives a bad half-crown, and takes his public detection as a circumstance of intense humour.

Do you not think you have had quite enough of it—of the heat, of the gas, of the dust, of the smoke, of the smells? Are you particularly attracted by the facts that Bell's Life and Boxiana are kept at the bar? Do you believe that the landlord would repeat on oath his advertisement from the

sporting papers that he keeps "the best wines, spirits, and cigars in London?" No? Then say good-night, and let us go. What a relief even the street air is. Well, we have got rid of legitimate prize-fighting; do you like what has taken its place?

DREAMS.

Noon sunshine warms the canopy of leaves,
Whose shadows flicker on the baby's face,
And one who rocks the cradle fondly weaves
A wreath of fancies full of tender grace.
But who shall guess how fairer, sweeter far
Than our maturer thoughts are infant dreams?
What brightness blesses them of sun and star,
What music thrills of heavenly songs and streams!
What flowers of wonderland and plumaged birds,
What fair wide meadows green and daisy-strown!
What loving language spoken without words,
What blissful prophecies of life unknown!
The wreath of fancy melts, the mother's eyes
Dwell on that face, and picture Paradise.
How pure a spirit holds this little room!
A maiden bower wherein no stranger looks,
The breath of innocence its rare perfume,
Its richest trappings, girlish toys and books.
The reader sleeps—upon her lineless brow
A shadow lingers, left by study there,
But freer thoughts arise in dreaming now,
And wander outward, onward—where, ah, where?
Back to the late-left beauty of the bowers
Of childish play-time? Onward to the day
When womanhood with larger plans and powers
Shall take the school-girl's place? Ah, who shall
say?
God, make Thou happy, keep Thou pure and good
The mystic dreams of artless maidenhood!
But there are dreams wherein deep woe takes part,
Dread dreams that fright us for some dear one's
sake,
Visions of peril, falling on the heart
With horror, whence we tremblingly awake.
The wife is fearful for the husband's life,
She sees the storm, the wild waves' angry gleam,
She sees him stand amid the tempest's strife,
He falls—he sinks—ah, heaven, it was a dream!
Tae mother's heart is broken in her sleep,
A fancied peril doth her child befall,
In dreams she kisses weary eyes that weep;
In dreams she answers to an anguished call.
They are not few, the terrors and the smarts
That fill the dreams of anxious, loving hearts.
And there are dreams wherein our loved and lost
Come back unto their olden place again;
Dreams sent from God to soothe the sorrow-crossed
And riven heart, so weary of its pain.
We hold their hands in ours, we walk with them
Through nooks and corners of the dear old house,
But catch no sparkle of the diadem
Which God hath bound upon their sainted brows.
The homely garments which they used to wear,
(Long laid aside) do meet our sight once more,
No flutter of the angel-robe is there,
Nor faintest murmur of the far-off shore.
Too soon the dawning through the casement gleams,
But, God be praised for these blessed dreams!

ROYAL ACADEMY DIPLOMA
PICTURES.

It was a happy idea of the old trade guilds in Germany and some other places to insist that the apprentice, before being admitted to the privileges of masterhood,

should not only undergo due probation, serving his master faithfully for an allotted term of years and then trudging through his wander-year as manfully as he might, but, these tasks being fulfilled, should undertake another, to wit, the production of his masterpiece; not, be it well understood, the chef-d'œuvre of a lifetime, the outcome of such genius as was in the man refined and sublimated by experience, but merely the proof that he knew his trade—were the same the making of kettles or of chairs, of clocks or of cunning goldsmith's work. This "meisterstück" was the passport, as it were, into the guild of craftsmen, the proof of proficiency, the sign that the hand of the maker was no longer that of a mere 'prentice, but able to hold its own as a producer of sound, merchantable goods. It was needful that the young man should put his heart into his work, for the jealous elders would not admit him into their narrow circle unless he proved himself worthy; and many were the cunning locks and well-tempered sword-blades, the skilfully-carved coffers and wonderful timepieces, fashioned by the aspiring youth of Nuremberg and Würzburg, Regensburg and Augsburg, while man yet wore doublet and trunk-hose, sword and dagger, and gentle or simple, knight or burgess, carried his life in his hand. Regarded in its inner spirit, the idea of the masterpiece is that of a pass examination. As no man might or may now be let loose on the world to physic soul, body, or estate without some kind of certificate of competency, so did the craftsmen of the Middle Ages hold that no man should make or sell boots, hats, or tables, until he had shown himself competent to acquit himself well of the duties of his craft. Probably as this principle is still maintained in what are called the professions, it was not a bad system for trades, and Mr. Ruskin would discourse eloquently upon this subject, treating the same through its length and breadth in his own luminous way; but for my part I prefer leaving these large questions to philosophers, contenting myself with citing a queer instance of the entire perversion of the mediæval plan.

In the early days of the Royal Academy—what time its exhibitions were held at the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce—it was not the invariable system to exact a diploma picture, as it is called, from each royal academician on his election. As the society grew strong the practice became more general, and

now is a law. On being elected a royal academician, the fortunate artist is bound to paint a picture and present it to the body of which he has become a member. The painting offered in this way is not a masterpiece—a test of the artist's strength—by which the council may judge of the skill of their future brother, but far otherwise. An artist at the age when his election to the honours of the Royal Academy becomes possible, is generally in a position to be indifferent to the criticism of his elders, who would never dream of asking a masterpiece from him. He stands on his artistic reputation, already well established by pictures variously regarded by English and foreign eyes, and somewhat on his social qualities, for angular, unclubable men have but scant chances of admission to the ranks of that forty whom poor Haydon denounced as the Forty Thieves. In painting a diploma picture, the newly-made royal academician is not put upon his mettle. He feels that he is making a concession—is, in fact, giving away a picture which might be sold for much money, susceptible of conversion to pleasant uses. It would be too much to say that the newly-made royal academician feels as if he were throwing a bone, as it were, to the society of which he has become a member; but there is an undoubted temptation to him to send in a picture he cannot sell. It is true that, according to comparatively recent regulations, his picture must be accepted by the council and exhibited as his diploma picture; but there is, in these conditions, little inducement to him to put forth all his strength. For the sake of his own reputation he will send something respectable, something that will pass muster; but he does not care to produce a brilliant work, for he gets nothing for it in the shape of hard cash. It may be and is argued by painters of the elder school, that the privilege of writing R.A. after one's name is actually worth in solid money several hundred pounds per annum—including, as it does, the privilege of having eight pictures "hung upon the line"—and that the sacrifice of one good picture is but a small toll to pay for this right. All this may be true, but, on the other side, the painter who is worthy of being elected a royal academician knows that a fairly representative picture by him is worth from eight to eighteen hundred pounds, and he consequently looks at the amount of the investment, and not at the prospec-

tive return. Having already arrived at the zenith of his reputation, he doubts whether the price of his pictures will be enhanced by the addition of the mystic letters to his name, and he fulfils his obligation in a half-hearted manner accordingly.

It is only fair to royal academicians, past and present, to add that much of their indifference to the quality of their diploma pictures has arisen from the idea, that whatever they painted would be consigned to obscurity. Few human beings could bring themselves to produce pictures which should never be seen, books which should never be read, or jokes which should never be uttered. To do good in secret may be excellent, but to paint pictures doomed to a vault is too much to expect of average human or royal academic nature.

A wholesome corrective to this manner of viewing things has been provided by the recent action of the Royal Academy in exhibiting to the public, free of charge, its collection of diploma pictures. In this resolve it is possible to read a mixture of irony and candour. Works done only to acquit an obligation, and with no idea that they would ever be submitted to the public gaze, are now dragged to light, and placed side by side with many remarkable specimens of the English art pictorial. It is an instructive study to look at the works of the old masters in the Royal Academy galleries, and then to glance over the pictures which some of the academicians and their successors thought good enough to paint for their diploma.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is represented by a portrait of Sir William Chambers, the eminent architect, in a crimson coat; a thoroughly characteristic work of the painter, showing some signs of age, but still in very good preservation. It is clear that Sir Joshua, who rarely got more than fifty guineas for a portrait, did not care about a picture more or less, and painted this one thoroughly well. At the end of the room is a fine Constable—a study of trees and the look-pond of a canal. Overhead drifts a sullen rain-cloud, with the threatening aspect which provoked Fuseli's remark that he should "take his umbrella, as he was going to see Mr. Constable's pictures." Fuseli's own diploma picture is one of these conceptions which he is supposed to have evolved under the influence of pork-chops, very much underdone, and taken late at night. Gazing upon Thor battering the Serpent of Midgard with the calm eye of a modern looker-on

at art, I am thankful that the celebrated Fuseli suppressed himself, as it were, in this picture. Happily it is small in size. The subject is hardly of enthralling interest, and the treatment—well—the less said about it, the better. If there must be nightmares, I prefer them of a moderate size—nightmares that will gallop away out of my mind, rather than terrible monstrosities like that upon the staircase of the diploma gallery, which has burnt its hideousness into me for ever. Perhaps the most uncomfortable picture in the collection is a vast canvas filled mainly with feathers. As I recover my breath, I perceive that those Brobdingnagian feathers do not belong to the roc, and that the male human person mixed up with them is not Sindbad the Sailor, but that the picture is a cheerful representation of the Rape of Ganymede, by Hilton. The huge fowl has gotten his talons well dug into the ribs of poor Ganymede, who will not apparently be a very sprightly cup-bearer, unless an immense quantity of ichor, or nectar, or whatever it is, be poured into his wounds. Another strange picture is Dawe's Demoniac, grinning hideously from gloomy canvas. Greatly saddened by these awesome works of art, I turn to Etty for consolation; but, instead of one of his brilliant bits of colouring, find myself opposite a very brown nymph sprawling on the ground, and discovered in that indelicate attitude by a couple of browner satyrs.

Northcote's contribution is the fullest expression of the anachronic school. In his day very little was known about arms and clothes, and the artist dressed his characters much as he pleased. The pictures in the Boydell gallery are now ridiculous on account of this peculiarity. Hubert de Burgh is dressed like Richard the Third, and both of them in a burlesque of the costume of the end of the sixteenth century. Northcote was absolutely reckless. He put the same armour on Wat Tyler as on the murderer of the young princes in the Tower—a suit made up, as Mr. Redgrave points out, of a headpiece of the time of the Commonwealth, and plate-armour of James and Charles. Jael and Sisera is an astounding work. Sisera, the captain of the hosts of Jabin, King of Hazor, is stretched on a feather-bed in front of the picture, clad in the well-known suit of armour of the time of the Commonwealth, and might well be taken for Cromwell, stolen in upon by

some Royalist damsel with nail and hammer, except that her dress is that of a servant-maid of the painter's own time. It is said that when this picture was sent home to the Academy, Northcote was looking at it in the library, and, turning round, saw young Westall smiling. "Well, young man," said Northcote, "what do 'ee smile at?" Westall, who was searching for such information in costume as the library afforded—and at that time it was not much—was sufficiently enlightened to see the gross anachronism, and owned that he smiled because Sisera was painted in armour of the time of Charles the First. "Humph," said Northcote, a little disconcerted, "and what does he look like, sir?" "Like a soldier," said Westall. "Well, that is true," said the elder painter, "and that is what I meant him for."

The last-named nightmares hardly crush me so much as my disappointment with Etty. I know that the adorers of ugly women with carrot hair, and no shape in particular, write and speak foul scorn of William Etty and his works, and bewail the so-called voluptuous tendency of his figures, while extolling the ill-drawn, vapid, osteological specimens of the Christian school. It may be good art, and the expression of a proper frame of mind, to paint wry-necked saints and scraggy Madonnas, endowed with limbs of preternatural length and angularity; but it is not attractive to the ordinary eye. It must be conceded that Etty, in his later and more highly-coloured works, committed the error of following nature too closely. His models were women whose figures had been deformed by stays, and he reproduced his models on canvas. Hence his spider-waisted nymphs and goddesses. He painted what he saw, and although his outline is meretricious, it must be granted that his flesh-tints have rarely been surpassed. In his diploma picture, it is easy to see that Etty had not acquired his true manner when he was made a royal academician. Yet he had reached the mature age of forty-one when that honour was bestowed upon him, and painted a kind of brown imitation of Titian as his diploma picture. The real Etty was yet to be born.

Hoppner, who is represented by an admirable portrait of himself, had the advantage of painting his diploma picture when he had learnt all that could be learnt from Sir Joshua. Hoppner, though he died

young, had the knack of outliving his rivals. At the time when he entered the Royal Academy, Gainsborough and Reynolds were dead, Romney's great vogue was on the wane, and Lawrence was as yet only a rising man, whom he was to leave by his own death without a rival. Hoppner's face, clever and satirical in expression, as his own pencil tells us, must have been a study, when a City gentleman and lady, with five sons and seven daughters, all well-fed and comely, arrived at his house in Charles Street. "Well, Mr. Painter," began the father, "here we are, a baker's dozen; how much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us, prompt payment?" "Why," replied the astonished painter, "why, that will depend upon the dimensions, style, composition, and——" "Oh, that is all settled," quoth the stockbroker; "we are all to be touched off in one piece as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing God Save the King."

Turning aside from Northcote, Opie, Hoppner, and many others, who can only be classed as imitators of Reynolds, I look in vain for the work of his great rival, who painted Tory ladies as Sir Joshua painted Whig ladies. "The man in Cavendish Square," in good sooth, declined the honour of membership of the Royal Academy. Romney and his friend Hayley had a mutual admiration society of their own, after the manner of poets and painters past and present; and Romney, who had left his wife and family to fare scantily in Lancashire, was absorbed by his jealousy of Reynolds, and his wild adoration for his model—described in art catalogues as Emma Hart, or Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton—whom he painted in every kind of character. The "fair Emma," who had been a barmaid in Westminster, completely enslaved Romney, two of whose pictures of her appear in the present exhibition of old masters, and produce the same effect as the Omphale exhibited two years ago, in shaking all theories concerning the virtue of blue blood. Here is the picture of a woman, whose very name is uncertain, who rose from the bar of a public-house to be the wife of an ambassador, placed among the portraits of the best-bred people in England, and looking, not only the most beautiful, but the most thoroughbred of them all. Romney's obstinacy concerning the Royal Academy deprives the diploma gallery of a picture of Lady Hamilton, either as Cassandra, Ariadne,

Omphale, a Bacchante, or in some other appropriate character—a subject of great regret, as a little beauty would relieve the collection very much.

Of Gainsborough, there is one of those landscapes—never painted from nature herself, but compiled as it were from studies, assisted by little models built up of sticks and bits of stone and wood, which, nevertheless, induced Sir Joshua to propose at a Royal Academy dinner, "The health of Mr. Gainsborough, the greatest landscape painter of the day," to which Wilson, in his blunt, grumbling way, retorted: "Ay, and the greatest portrait-painter, too." The large brown picture, which so inadequately represents the genius of Gainsborough, was presented to the Academy in 1799 by his daughter, Miss Gainsborough, and has a thoroughly artificial look. In all the landscapes of the older English school, and even in many of Turner's, lurks that strange variety of the upas, known as the "painter's tree." It is of no particular species, but its brown foliage is nicely rounded, and its trunk stretches upward in a friendly way, so as to cover one side of the picture. At one time it was asked, whether it was possible to paint a landscape without a big tree in one corner, and a little one in the other. The little tree died out after a time, probably of atrophy, brought on by a sense of its own insignificance, but the big one may be detected under various disguises, even unto this day. Turner's diploma picture is hardly more inspiring than the Gainsborough landscape. Dollbaddarn Castle, North Wales, may be pronounced a specimen of the painter's "early middle" manner. All the light has died out, and the effect is gloomy in the extreme. Like many of Turner's pictures, this has suffered from the carelessness with which he used vehicles for colours. Nothing came amiss to him, and the palette-knife was used with the greatest recklessness. With awe and misgiving I record my indifference to Dollbaddarn Castle, and my opinion that, if sold at Christie's, without the name of Turner attached to it, it would fetch but a minute sum in the current coin of this realm.

Quite as great a sinner, in the way of omission, as Turner, was Sir Thomas Lawrence; albeit the latter has the excuse that he was admitted to the full honours of the Royal Academy when he was barely of age to wear them. Viewed as the work of a young man of twenty-three, the "gipsy

girl," with a plaster of rouge on her cheeks, might be regarded as a promising bit of work, but as the record of Lawrence, it is simply absurd. I am aware that Lawrence cared nothing for the Royal Academy, and that he was painter to the king before he received his early academic laurels; but the head of a gipsy girl, carelessly painted, is a poor example of the artist who produced in later years the magnificent pendant to Rubens's *Chapeau de Paille*, now in the possession of Sir Robert Peel. De Louthembourg, sometime scene-painter to Garrick, is represented by a landscape, conscientiously executed; but Creswick's picture is a poor affair, very slight in execution and evidently knocked off in a hurry. One of the best pictures here is Mulready's *Village Buffoon*; and Wilkie's *Boys digging out a Rat*, if small, is yet full of character.

In approaching the delicate ground trodden by living painters, I am at once perplexed and amazed. Not one has thought it worth while to give the Academy a genuine gem, but yet they have as a rule not behaved with absolute shabbiness. Possibly they had aforeshadowing that this work might one day be given to the public, and were anxious, as persons of a sporting turn of mind would say, to "save their distance." Sir John Gilbert has contributed a spirited little picture, entitled, *A Convocation of Clergy*; and Mr. Leighton a very brown, not to say mulatto, *St. Jerome*, very bony but excellently drawn. This remarkable but ugly picture was apparently painted during a devotional fit of Mr. Leighton's, for any more unpicturesque creature than a desert hermit can hardly be imagined. There is the lion of course, evidently a lion of pacific tendencies, only awaiting a Van Amburgh to lead him on to glory.

Mr. Watts's picture is entitled, *My Punishment* is greater than I can bear; and enjoys the distinction of being the biggest picture, in square feet, of the diploma exhibition. It is so big that a place has had to be found for it in the room at the end, where it stares Mr. Leslie's meek *Lass of Richmond Hill* out of countenance. Mr. Poynter contributes a little picture, entitled, *The Fortune-teller*; near which hangs *The Schoolmaster's Daughter*, by Mr. Sant—a girl bringing refreshment to a schoolboy working at his imposition. Close at hand is an extraordinary production by Mr. Poole, which might be entitled a *Fantasia in yellow*. It is called

Remorse, but it is not clear what the people steeped in yellow fog have done to deserve their fate. The chief merit of *Remorse* is, that it revives the memory of a witticism of Mr. Charles Landseer's, that a picture might have a worse fault than yellow ochre—it might be mediocre. Conspicuous for beauty of colour is Mr. Calderon's *Onward but Whither*, albeit the intention of the picture is not very evident. So far as the meaning of the painter is made manifest, a stately middle-aged gentleman is eloping with a girl young enough to be his daughter, who carries the family pearls in a neat casket. Opposite to this richly-tinted but bewildering picture, hangs Mr. Pettie's *Jacobites*—a meritorious picture from many points of view, and fairly representative of the artist. *The Door of a Café at Cairo* is a fair specimen of Lewis; and also noteworthy is Landseer's contribution, *The Faithful Hound*—a dog who has sought his master among the slain on the battle-field, and finding him stark and stiff, lifts up his voice in a canine coronach. *Ere Care Begins* is a pretty and characteristic work of Mr. Faed; but neither the contribution of Mr. Wells, *Letters and News at the Loch Side*, nor that of Mr. Ansdell, *The Chase*, is likely to increase the reputation of those eminent artists. In strong contrast to these is Mr. Cooke's *Dutch Pincks running to Anchor off Yarmouth*—a fine picture, in the artist's best manner. Mr. Millais's *Souvenir of Velasquez* is—shall I write the word?—a vulgarised version of the wonderful portrait of the Spanish Infanta in the Louvre, of which Mr. James Whistler said, "This is the last word of portrait-painting." It is like jumping out of a stifling hot-house into the fresh sea-breeze, to turn from Mr. Millais's garish picture to Stanfield's delightful *On the Scheldt*.

Painters are not the only artists represented at the diploma gallery. Sculptors have deposited specimens of their skill; but, perhaps, it is better not to dwell on these manifestations of such art as exists upon our shores, nor do the specimens of engraving call for any detailed notice. A study of the diploma gallery only teaches us how careful a man should be of any work he puts his name to, and of the curious revenges that time brings about. It is not impossible that a foreign art-critic might arrive at the conclusion, that in throwing open an exhibition of diploma pictures to the public, the Council of the

Royal Academy have been actuated by a spirit of irony—a desire to show how badly the best artists could work, when they worked for honour, instead of profit.

ABOUT WITNESSES.

WE wonder some industrious collector of Ana has never given us a book about witnesses. The strange statements, extraordinary admissions, prompt retorts, funny mistakes, crooked answers, and odd distortions of the Queen's English, heard in the courts, would make a plethoric volume of amusing reading.

The subjects of legal vivisection do not find the process so agreeable to themselves, as it is entertaining to uninterested listeners. Mrs. Elizabeth Martha Selina Georgina Augusta Euham Burrows might not be pained at proclaiming that such was her christian-name, although she did not generally write it in full; but the old fellow who had "married three wives lawful, and buried them lawful," would probably have preferred keeping to himself that a buxom laundress declined to make him a happy man for the fourth time in his life, because he was not prepared to take her to church in a basket-carriage drawn by six donkeys. It was not pleasant for a young husband to let all the world know how, shocked at his wife's avowal of atheism, he sent a parson to talk to her, and going to see how he was getting on, found the lady chasing the clergyman round the room, intent upon flooring him with a pillow; and a certain false milkman doubtless considered he had been sufficiently punished by the jilted lady following hard upon him, as he went his daily round for thirty-five years, without the fact being published far and wide, when the revengeful dame departed life without the doctor's aid.

The immaculate elector who was sure he had not breakfasted at a candidate's cost, because he had never breakfasted in his life, always taking his morning meal in the middle of the day; and his neighbour, equally certain on the same score, because he had, twenty years before, made a resolution never to eat or drink at anyone's charge but his own, had as little chance of being believed, as the Scotsman assuring a parliamentary committee, that his countrymen were "unco' modest;" or the Irishman, who swore the last time he saw his sister was eight months ago, when she

called at his house and he was not at home. More careful of his words was the constable, who deposed that a certain individual was neither drunk nor sober, but "mixed"—a medium state unrecognised by the London barmaid, who laid it down that a man was sober so long as he did not stagger and use bad language; thereby displaying as much consideration for human infirmity as the witness, who, called upon to explain what he meant by saying the plaintiff's character was slightly matrimonial, answered: "She has been married seven times." Euphemisms are wasted upon lawyers, since they will insist upon having their equivalents. Said one man of another: "He resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence." "And pray, sir, what are we to understand by that?" enquired the counsel. "That he lied," was the reply of the witness; whose original statement was worthy of the doctor, who testified that the victim of an assault had sustained a contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with extravasation of blood and ecchymosis of the surrounding tissue, which was in a tumefied state, with abrasion of the cuticle; meaning simply that the sufferer had a black eye.

The witness-box is prolific in malapropisms. The man, whose friend could not appear in court by reason of his being just then superannuated with drink; the Irishwoman, whose husband had often struck her with impunity, although he usually employed his fist; the believer in the martyr to Jesuitical machinations, who recognised the baronet by the gait of his head; the gentleman, who found a lady in the arms of Mopus; the impecunious wight, whose money had become non est inventum, and the Chicago dame, who indignantly wanted to know who was telling the story, when the judge suggested that, when she spoke of the existence of a family fuel, she must mean a family feud—might one and all claim kindred with Sheridan's deranger of epithets. Nor could Dogberry himself have shown to greater advantage than Officer Lewiston, when, mounting the stand in a New York police-court, he related how Tom Nelson punched him twice on the head, scratched his face, and bucked him in the stomach, without aggravating him to use his club, because it went against his feelings to mistreat a human being; winding up what he called his "conciseful" narration with: "I am willing to let upon him, your

honour, but not altogether. The law must be dedicated; give him justice tampered with mercy."

The London policeman, who found arrears of fat upon the blouses of two men suspected of patronising a butcher without paying him, would have smiled in scornful superiority to hear the Glasgow constable deposing, that a riotous Irishman "came off the Bristol boat wi' the rest o' the cattle, and was making a crowd on the quay, offering to fight him or any ither mon." "Was he inebriated?" asked the bailie. "No; he wasna in Edinburgh, for he came by the Belfast boat." "Well, did he stand on his defence when you told him to move on?" "No, your honour; he stood on the quay." Were members of the force always so exact, the magistrate who asked a street Arab, before putting him on his oath, what was done to people who swore falsely, would not have had his ears shocked with the reply: "They makes policemen out of 'em."

In a trial at Winchester, a witness, failing to make his version of a conversation intelligible by reason of his fondness for "says I" and "says he," was taken in hand by Baron Martin, with the following result: "My man, tell us now exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord. I said I would not have the pig." "And what was his answer?" "He said he had been keeping it for me, and that he——" "No, no; he could not have said that, he spoke in the first person." "No, my lord; I was the first person that spoke." "I mean, don't bring in the third person; repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord; only him and me." "My good fellow, he did not say he had been keeping the pig; he said, 'I have been keeping it.'" "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on different stories. There was no third person there, and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it." The baron gave in.

Lord Mansfield once came off second best in endeavouring to make a witness use intelligible language. The man had deposed that he had not suffered any loss at the defendant's hands, because he was up to him. "What do you mean by being up to him?" asked his lordship. "Mean, my lord? why, that I was down upon him." "Down upon him?" repeated the judge interrogatively. "Yes, my lord; deep as he thought himself, I staggered him." "Really," said Lord Mansfield, "I do not

understand this sort of language." "Not understand it!" exclaimed the unabashed adept in slang; "not understand it! lord, what a flat you must be!" A New York magistrate was equally incapable of comprehending how a police-officer could be guilty of skylarking with a girl when on duty, until the "roundsman" explained that "skylarking" meant "pulling and hauling, laughing and talking." More humorous in his way of putting things, was the gentleman who said a Stock Exchange bear was a person who sold what he had not got; a bull, a man who bought what he could not pay for, and that "financing" was "a man who doesn't want shares buying them from one who has none to sell." A Jew, speaking of a young man as his son-in-law, was accused of misleading the court, since the young man was really his son. Moses, however, persisted that the name he put to the relationship was the right one, and addressing the bench said: "I was in Amsterdam two years and three-quarters; when I come home I finds this lad. Now the law obliges me to maintain him, and consequently, he is my son-in-law." "Well," said Lord Mansfield, "that is the best definition of a son-in-law I ever yet heard." It may be doubted if that legal luminary would have acquiesced as readily in a witness, whose name was not to be found on the Law List, calling himself a solicitor, on the ground that he had been soliciting advertisements for a newspaper for eight years; or held a bill-poster, who could not read, justified in describing himself as a professional man connected with the press. Assuredly, he would not agree with the street-nigger, who admitted his calling was a low one, but still thought it so much better than that followed by his father that he felt inclined to be proud of it. "And pray, sir," enquired the learned gentleman cross-examining him, "what was your father's calling?" "Well," demurely replied the sham dorkie, "he was a lawyer."

A Californian declining to swear to the size of a stick used by one of the parties in "a heated discussion," the judge insisted upon knowing if it were as thick as his wrist? "I should say," said the badgered man, "that it was as thick as your head;" and the court's curiosity was satisfied. A less excusable want of recollection was displayed by a Benedick, who only thought he had been married three years, while he had not the faintest notion

when or where he made his wife's acquaintance. A woman never pretends to ignorance on such matters, oblivious as she may be regarding the number of birthdays she has seen. Forgetting that a woman should be, at least, as old as she looks, a lady told a Paris magistrate she was twenty-five. As she stepped out of the box, a young man stepped in, who owned to twenty-seven. "Are you related to the previous witness?" he was asked. "Yea," said he, "I am her son." "Ah," murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young." Mlle. Mars parried the obnoxious query with a vague "H'm, h'm," causing the judge to observe: "I beg your pardon, madame, what did you say?" "I have answered the question put to me," said the actress, and the court gallantly took the hint. The enquiry so cleverly disposed of by the famous stage queen, was met by an Aberdonian spinster with a protest against an unmarried woman being expected to enlighten the public on such a subject. Finding that of no avail, she admitted she was fifty, and, after a little pressure, owned to sixty. Counsel then presumed to enquire if she had any hopes of getting a husband, and was rebuffed for the impertinence with: "Weel, sir, I winna tell a lee. I hinna lost hope yet, but I wudna marry you, for I am sick o' your palaver." She could be frank enough if she chose, like the gentleman who proclaimed: "Every man has his pawnbroker, and I have mine"—a somewhat bold assertion, but one that would not have been gainsaid by the bluff Yorkshire "uncle," who, pressed by a parliamentary committee-man to give his opinion as to the advisability of imposing a penny stamp upon certain documents, replied: "If ever you come to my place to pop anything—" "My good man," interrupted the horrified M.P., "don't think that I could ever do such a thing!" "Who can tell what bad luck's in store for him?" retorted the pawnbroker. "But, my good man," exclaimed the member, "it is quite impossible;" only to bring the response: "Impossible! not at all, not at all; and if ever you want to pop anything and come to my shop, I'll treat you like a man ought to be treated. No penny stamps. I'll clap a handsome sixpenny bit of government paper on the transaction, in a way that would be proper on an agreement between two gentlemen."

Perhaps the most extraordinary evidence ever tendered in support of an alibi

was advanced in behalf of a man tried at Sydney, when two witnesses swore that, at the time the robbery with which he was charged was committed, the prisoner was in his hut with them, listening to the recital of the Old English Baron, which occupied two hours and a half. Lane, the novel reciter, corroborated their statements, averring he could repeat several other stories of equal length, word for word. "Now, sir," said the attorney-general, "do you wish to persuade us that, without a book, you could occupy two hours and a half in reciting the Old English Baron?" "I could, and I will, if you please," replied Lane. "Well, we will have a page or two then," said the attorney-general. The witness at once began: "In the time of King Henry, when the good Duke Humphrey returned from the Holy Land," and so went on until the attorney-general cried enough. The prisoner's counsel, however, insisted upon Lane going on to the end, to prove the tale would occupy the time his witnesses had sworn it did, unless the other side conceded that important point. This, after some demur, the attorney-general agreed to do, providing the witness repeated the last page of the book as he had repeated the first. Lane did as was bidden, and the prisoner was acquitted.

An American delinquent was not so lucky in his alibi. That worthy swore that the prisoner had been ploughing for him all day long on the 29th of November, and chopping wood for him all the following day. So far, all was well. Then the counsel for the prosecution rose, and put the question: "What did Ellis do on the thirty-first?" "That was Sunday," replied the unsuspecting witness, "and we went squirrel-hunting." "Well, what did he do on the thirty-second?" "Threshed the wheat." "On the thirty-third?" "It was raining, and he stayed in-doors, and shaved out some axe-handles." "What did he do on the thirty-fourth?" "Chopped wood." "Yes, and on the thirty-fifth?" "What Ellis did on the thirty-fifth was never known; for here the wife of the witness whisked him off the stand with: "You old fool, don't you know there are only thirty days in November?" The calendar-ignoring farmer overdid the business, like the Scotchwoman who identified a chicken by its likeness to its mother, and the positive damsel who recognised certain turkeys by their countenances, walk, and manner of roosting.

An Irishman, examined before a Fishery Commission, seemed so inclined to avow anything, that one of the commissioners asked if there were any whales on the west coast? "Is it whales?" said Pat. "Sure we may see 'em by the dozen, spouting about like wather-engines all over the place." "Are there many dog-fish?" was the next question. "Dogs, begorra! ye'd say so 'ad ye passed the night here. Sure we can't sleep for the barkin' o' thim." "Do flying-fish abound here?" queried another gentleman. "Flying-fish, is it?" quoth the veracious fellow. "If we didn't put up the shutters every night, there wouldn't be a whole pane o' glass in the house for the craters batin' against thim!" When he came up for his expenses, Pat tried to coax something extra out of the commissioners, on the plea that he had sworn to everything their honours "axed" him. Irish witnesses are not usually so tractable, no small amount of skill and patience being required to extract a definite answer to the simplest of questions. Nothing pleases your fun-loving Irishman better than to bother a lawyer, and the Irish courts have known many a dialogue like this: "You are a Roman Catholic?" "Am I?" "Are you not?" "You say I am." "Come, sir; what's your religion?" "The true religion." "What religion's that?" "My religion." "And what is your religion?" "My mother's religion." "What was your mother's religion?" "She tuk whisky in her tay." "You bless yourself, don't you?" "When I'm done with you I will." "What place of worship do you go to?" "The most convayniest." "Of what persuasion are you?" "My persuasion is that you won't find out." "What is your belief?" "That you are puzzled." "Do you confess?" "Not to you." "Who would you write to if you were likely to die?" "The doctor." "I insist upon your answering me, sir. Are you a Roman Catholic?" "I am." "And why didn't you say so at once?" "You never axed me. You said I was a great many things, but you never axed me; you were drivin' crass words and crooked questions at me, and I thought it was manners to cut my behaviour on your own patthorn."

An examiner's perseverance is not always successful in eliciting the desired answer. "Was there anything in the glass?" asked a counsel of a somewhat reluctant witness. "Well, there was something in it," he replied. "Ah, I thought we should get at it in time," observed the triumphant ques-

tioner. "Now, my good fellow, tell us what that something was." The good fellow took time to think over it; at last he drawled out: "It were a spoon." Equally unsatisfactory, from a legal point of view, was the following short dialogue: "You have property, you say; did you make it yourself?" "Partly." "Are you married?" "Yes." "Did your wife bring you anything?" "Yes." "What?" "Three children." The witness had the best of that bout. And the lady was too much for the lawyer when they tried conclusions in this fashion: "On which side of the street do you live, ma'am?" "On either side." "How can that possibly be, ma'am?" "Why, if you go one way it is on the right side, if you go the other it is on the left." The information imparted was as little to the purpose as the answer to the question, "When you called upon Mr. Roberts what did he say?" propounded to a voter before an election committee. Ere the man could open his mouth to reply, the question was objected to. For half an hour counsel argued the matter, then the room was cleared that the committee might consider the subject. After the lapse of another half-hour the doors were opened, and the chairman announced that the question might be put. All ears were strained to catch the impending disclosure. But the mountain did not bring forth even a mouse. "What did Mr. Roberts say?" asked the counsel, and the witness replied: "He wasn't at home, sir, so I didn't see him."

STRANGE WATERS.

BY R. E. FRANCOILLON,
AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA," "PEARL AND EMERALD," &c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VIII. NECROMANCY.

NOTHING has been said yet of Celia's actual début at Lady Quorne's. And for the best reason in the world—namely, that which prevented Israel in Egypt from making bricks without straw. The bricks resulted; and so, likewise, resulted certain consequences and new combinations of pieces from Celia's début. But, of the main, central fact, that Celia March had stood up in a roomful of strangers and had sung Brunacci's *Dolce Amor Mio*, nothing can be said, because there is nothing to say.

She had been too excited at heart to feel any especially new flutter when Lady

Quorne, sweetly and graciously, talked to her for a few moments about herself, then, without giving her a minute more than was due to any single guest, turned the talk on songs in general, then upon Celia's repertoire in particular, and finally chose *Dolce Amor* for hearing out of some half-dozen others. Lady Quorne had consciously and diligently cultivated the art of patronage, and was so anxious to feel at home with artists of all denominations as to make the shyest feel as much at home with her as Lord Quorne was with his cucumbers. And then a blaze of unaccustomed lights, and the full play of unfamiliar eyes and voices, are by no means the worst sort of sea for a timid débutante to set sail in. It is a wonderful help to the shy to feel that if they fail their utmost, even to the point of utter breaking-down, not a soul present will heed or remember. As to Walter—from that day at Waaren, she had never thought of him but as holding her hand, so that she might put her feet upon the loosest-looking stepping-stones without fear. It is true he had never as yet done one single real thing to help her; but he always gave her the impression that he could and would if there were need. So she sang; and with as much credit to herself as anyone can fairly expect whose name has never been in the newspapers, so that people may know what, and how much, to think or say of them. One does not go through even the form of applause in drawing-rooms.

"Thank you," Lady Quorne had said; "I hope we shall hear you again very soon indeed." "She really has merit," she said to Walter, "that protégée of yours and Reginald Gaveston's. There is something about her—in her style, I think—that reminds me of Clari. Only she hasn't the superb voice, poor child. Ah, we may talk of art as much as we like, but voice is the great thing after all."

And perhaps the criticism of Lady Quorne was as just as any could have been. It was absolutely true about the voice. Celia's was sweet and clear enough—Walter was wondering how it was that he had ever thought it anything less than the sweetest and clearest in all the world. But it had no pretensions to that profuse glory of tone and volume that gave people wings and carried them away. Celia must please, might charm; but Clari electrified. In only one point was Lady Quorne wrong

in her comparison. It was not that Celia reminded of Clari, but Clari of Celia—to any who had minds to judge with, instead of a mass of newspaper paragraphs in place of brains. Thanks to the terrible training of Deepweald, confirmed by the sound traditions of Lindenheim, while Celia's voice might be but of silver her song was all of pure gold—every touch, tone, note as absolutely true, every phrase as delicately just, as if she had been a perfect instrument played on by the very muse of melody. It was the great prima donna who only now and then rivalled the débutante by some golden memory of her days of slavery—when she, too, had her John March in Andrew Gordon, and her Deepweald in Tuscany. Celia was divine art, Clari divine nature; and it must take a cleverer critic than Lady Quorne to decide which is the more divine.

Which Walter Gordon thought the diviner now, goes without saying. He did not contradict the Countess of Quorne to her face, nor even waste argument upon so manifest a matter. He took care that Mademoiselle Art, who in this respect singularly resembles Madame Nature, had something to eat and drink, talked to her on the neutral ground of Lindenheim—only a little less volubly than when they were there—avoided cross-questioning her more carefully than if he had known her less, and laid an elaborate plan for seeing her home. But there had proved a limit even to his ubiquity; he had too many acquaintances to allow of his confining himself to one special corner all the time, and when the time drew near to end the evening and he looked for her, she was gone, and had not left so much as her slipper behind her.

With all the stupidity of a lover—for even that symptom had come upon him—he asked himself over and over again, as he punished himself for missing her by walking home in the early morning rain, in what way he could possibly have offended her. He had not carried away with him a single relic from the evening—not so much as the single petal of a single flower, to serve for the slipper of glass; indeed, for that matter, her fairy godmother had forgotten the crowning gift of flowers among the gloves and laces. For of course every man who is really in love assumes that, when a girl runs away from him, it is because she dislikes him. Those who are not in love are of a different opinion; but who should know a game so well as

the players? "Well," he thought with a sigh that took the shape of a ring of blue smoke in the air, "she has reason. I never answered her last letter that I got at Rome from Lindenheim. I never thought of her till I met her by chance at Deepweald. I have let her drift down, and down, and down to Comrie's Row—and with that deaf tiger! Good Heaven! what has she not gone through, while I have been eating, and drinking, and flirting! I have been a selfish scoundrel. I have been a false lover. I have been a brute. I have been a fool. No wonder she thinks what I deserve of me. Perhaps, though—any way, I can but try. From this moment—from the instant I throw away the end of this cigar, I will be everything I ought to be. I will. I've never tried to will anything yet—I must have an overwhelming supply of will in store somewhere—the accumulations of years. I'll go straight to the Row to-morrow, and ask her to be my wife, then and there. She'll see that I'm in earnest then. And if she won't—I'll make her." And, so saying in thought, he made a tremendous effort of will and threw away the end of his cigar.

It did not occur to him to question how it happened, that a girl from Saragossa Row should have come in lace that had made a connoisseur stare, and in gloves that could not have fitted her better if he himself had bought them. But then, after all, he was but a man. If daily papers spring up like mushrooms in the morning, as most people believe; if prime donne come into existence full-blown, full-grown, and without a history; surely such things as gloves and laces may do the same. Tobacco is a vegetable, he knew; and, for any experience he had to the contrary, it grew in the form of regalias.

But he was, in spite of himself, honestly in earnest about Celia. It was the first time in his life that he found himself in love without intending it, which is in itself a strong and healthy sign. But why in the world does the simple statement, without going round and round to get to it, that a young man found himself in love with a girl, wear such a strangely old-fashioned air? The psychology and the physiology of love—if I may still, for want of a better, use so simple a word—have been so minutely examined, that such phrases as "To fall in love," or "To be in love," without elaborate studies to differentiate the process in the particular case

from the process in all other cases, sounds like saying that Julius Cæsar became emperor, without telling how or why, just as if it were as simple and everyday an occurrence to become emperor, as to wear a pair of gloves at an evening party. No; it does not do to say that John fell in love with Joan; though it would have been ample enough in the days of long ago, when people were content with facts, and, instead of imitating the dissecting-room, had never thought of applying the scalpel to healthy minds in healthy bodies. Why and how did John fall in love with Joan? And within what limits and conditions? Why did he not love Mary? and what was the difference between John's passion for Joan and George's for Anne? And why was there this difference, and how far? And would he have loved Anne if there had been neither Joan nor Mary? And why? And, if not, why not; or how otherwise? as they ask in Chancery.

And, as duly as the interrogatories of modern romance have been asked, so duly shall they be answered; and in French to boot, to be in the fashion.

Je t'aime.

There is the whole science—psychology, physiology, metaphysics, alpha, omega, and all the rest of it, of the whole matter—voilà le chameau; now, always, and for ever. And I will defy Schopenhauer himself to dig deeper or to say more, so long as he deals with a subject who has the brain in the skull, and the heart healthy and on the left side.

Walter Gordon was on the very point of starting for Saragossa Row, when the servant announced, "A gentleman."

"Did you say I was in?"

"Of course, sir."

He swore, as audibly as one can to oneself, at the ill-luck that had prevented his starting just two minutes earlier. But there was no help for it; if he was in, he was in, and the gentleman might result in the portrait of one; or he might be that duke or dealer whom the painter is always expecting, and who has even been known to come. However, five minutes would suffice for any gentleman.

He entered; and it was strange that Walter did not swear audibly enough for John March himself to hear. It was Prosper. Happily, Walter had his hat and gloves on; and he took care to keep them there.

"Aha! you have been waiting me?"

You have look through your drawers? You have found a song—one? Two? Three songs? An opera? Ah! you paint? Very good; I will see the opera."

"I would show you the opera with pleasure, but——"

"Ah! I was sure it was a whole opera. I knew a man like Andrew Gordon could not die and leave nothing in the drawer. You have been quick to find; but that does not import to me, not at all."

"But I was going to——"

"To fetch him? Ah, I see you go out of the door—never mind. I will go with."

"To say—there is no opera; not even a song. And, as I have an appointment, you'll excuse me, I'm sure."

"Not a song?"

"Not a note even." Walter was getting vexed, and forgetting to answer with his usual good temper. "If Andrew Gordon is to write anything new, it must be in his grave, with a dead hand. You had better do as I told you—call him up out of the grave. You must excuse me now. Good-day."

Prosper frowned slightly, and regarded him as if he were a new order of being. A nephew who could not supply when an uncle was in demand, was no doubt strange to a speculator in musical wares. What is the worth of fame, except for the sake of posterity?

"Very well," he said at last. "Then I shall call him up out of the grave."

Walter felt startled for a moment, in his turn. Whether Prosper meant anything or nothing, he spoke with all the solemn gloom of a necromancer, who has really learned the art of calling the dead to life again.

The impresario had lived too much behind the scenes not to know when he had made a hit.

"Out of the grave, monsieur," he went on, feeling his rôle. "Yes—I am wizard, I. I say Clari shall be—she is; I say Clari shall not be—she is no more. I say Italian opera shall die—it dies. I say Andrew Gordon shall live; he lives, monsieur! Yes; I shall call the composer of Comus from his grave."

"Ah, what a splendid season we might have! While you are about it, call up Mozart—let him write an opera. And give the parts to Farinelli—Pasta——"

"Bah! to Bagatelle—to Rococo. It is Comus who is in vogue. I will not give

one halfpenny for your music of a periwig. Au revoir, monsieur."

There is no such thing as thinking of one thing at a time. An upper and an under current of thought incessantly flow together, the upper making the noise, the lower out of the light of reason and apart from immediate needs and actions. Walter Gordon was carried impatiently by the upper current, that ran through brain and heart, to Celia and Saragossa Row, and tossed aside Prosper as a queer kind of rascal no weightier than a casual straw. But it is just the straws that sink deepest into the under-stream, the Avernus of thought, and show its course like the wind's. Reason heeds little enough the pompous boast of a charlatan, that he will bring back a dead man to life. But at any rate such boasts are so far impressive, that they are not everyday things; and they lose nothing by being delivered in a solemn voice, in an outlandish accent, and with an air of conviction. The unknown fate of his unknown uncle had always, as he had told Celia at Waaren, exercised a special fascination over him. It had even affected the rolling course of his life, by giving him hereditary reason for his taste for free Bohemian air. The composer of Comus had always been the hero of his imagination from the time when he first heard the story of how, in the very hour of a sudden and startling triumph, Andrew Gordon had fled from its scene to Italy, had disappeared there, and had never been heard of again. He had died, of course. Living men from Manchester, or elsewhere, do not let their fortunes slip from their fingers. But there was just enough element of doubt to give his unquestioned and unquestionable death the romantic character which belongs to the deaths of Don Sebastian, of Arthur, and of Barbarossa, of whom tradition has always said, as Prosper of Andrew Gordon, that, when their time is come, they also shall come again.

By vallum kept, and fossa,
And subterranean spells,
Deep slumbers Barbarossa
Mid phantom sentinels.

From right to left the raven
Wheels round the secret mound,
Where, in a dream-light haven,
He slumbers underground.

From left to right the ravens
Some day shall turn and wheel,
And traitors turn to cravens
Before old Red-beard's steel.

Not *Dolce Amor Mio*, but this fragment

of a German Volkslied, was singing through him, as Celia's lover drove into the lamentably unromantic and unaromatic street, called Saragossa Row.

He knew that evil days had fallen on the star of Lindenheim. But nobody knows the very eyes of Poverty, except her children; and he had never dreamed of picturing the newest lady of his heart in such a bower as Mrs. Snow's bakery proved to be. He had never met with her save amid picturesque surroundings—the courtyard of the Gewandhaus, the Rosenthal, the quaint homeliness of The Golden Lion, the stateliness of Hinchford, the cathedral close of Deepweald. To save her from this was the duty, not only of a lover, but of a knight and a gentleman. Love, pity, and romance, all at once, walked into the baker's shop, and asked if Miss March was at home.

Mrs. Snow said yes with a benign and meaning smile. Naturally, Miss March had not gone to Park Lane for nothing; and, if not for the sake of one sort of spoons, then for another.

Walter's eyes were quick enough; he liked neither the benignity of the smile, nor its meaning. "Is Mr. March in?"

"Oh yes, sir. But you needn't mind him. He was took faint last night, and he's as deaf as a stone wall at the best of times—and deafer, if it's true stone walls have ears. Leastways, he never hears when he don't want to hear, which is bad for people that asks for money—but you don't look much like a dun. If you want to see the young lady, he'll be deaf enough though, I'll be bound, just the same as if you were. Third-floor front—you can't mistake, if you follow the stairs." "Twas no business of mine," she explained afterwards to her friend. "If people can't pay their own weekly bills their own selves, it's only right they should get hold of them that can. So long as she don't fleece the doctor, it's naught to me."

"She mustn't remain here a day!" thought Walter, as he went upstairs—he had not made matters worse by trying to explain. He felt his heart beat at the door of the third-floor front. He tapped, and opened it. Nobody was there.

It was a relief, however, since Celia was absent, not to find her father in place of her; and he could wait till she came in. It certainly was a room that made his heart sick to think of in connection with

Celia. It was past pathos even. Poverty, in relation to her, if it meant anything, meant the graceful poverty that expresses itself vaguely by means of flowers and canary-birds. This room spoke rather of the master-spirit of the father than of the daughter. There was, it is true, the lace mantilla thrown over the chair, the relics of Celia's preparations for last night—symptoms of untidiness that touched him, for he knew of old that a place for everything and everything in its place was not one of her ways. There was an empty envelope, too, directed to "Miss March" in what he saw at once was a feigned hand. But, since he was no connoisseur at lace, the signs of the woman's presence were, for once, humble and few, creeping into corners and out of the way. There was no flower, no bird.

The obtrusive signs were the man's. The blackened meerscham with its long wooden stem seemed to rule, and the main piece of furniture was an escritoire that appeared to have grown grey and old with labour. Before it stood a comfortless arm-chair. Upon it were an inkstand, with the ink dried up, and some quills with nibs split and splay. In front of these lay some sheets of music in manuscript, fairly copied out and fastened together at the left-hand corner.

Music is public property, whether written or heard, as much as a picture, and Walter was still musician enough to examine a full score intelligently. The front sheet had a title-page: "Cleopatra: Tragedia Lirica in Cinque Atti."

"An ambitious subject," thought Walter, "and new." He turned over the pages idly, then curiously, even though he was waiting for Celia. He was not a man to wait passively for anything in the world.

"But who on earth is to sing this? Malibran herself, if Prosper—"

His fingers had travelled to the last page. And there he read: "Finis. Fecit Andreas Gordon."

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